

## THE GREAT WHITE PLAQUE.

Women Teachers Have Good Reason For Dreading Tuberculosis.

That teachers are especially prone to tuberculosis is the statement made by the bureau of educational hygiene of the city of New York. This department says that this disease is 20 per cent more prevalent among teachers than among others of corresponding sex and age and that about half of all deaths among women teachers is caused by tuberculosis, and this in spite of the fact that teachers belong to a better hygienic grade than the general average.

Strenuous, nerve taxing work that causes physical exhaustion and nerve breakdown is given as the main cause. Terman states that "four hours of actual teaching represent about eight hours of ordinary office work." What is probably the second cause is lack of sufficient rest and regular exercise in the open air.

Speaking along this line, the state board of health says: "The worn, tired look that usually marks the teacher, especially about the close of school, is too often a condition of serious consequence. It may be just a 'tired, run-down condition' or a case of 'worn-out nerves' or both, but these are predisposing causes of tuberculosis as much or more than others."

"Unless the teacher is wise," says the board, "and as quickly as possible overcomes this tired feeling and regains her usual state of health and vigor she subjects herself to an open risk against tuberculosis as well as to other diseases."

"What the wise teacher will do is to avoid overwork and a nervous strain and see that she gets sufficient rest daily as well as daily exercise in the open air. This worn-out condition that is too often the beginning of a long and story is easy to prevent. To prevent it should be the teacher's first duty."

## MADE A POOR GUESS.

The Chinese General Knew More Than Did the Tibetan Buddha.

At the entrance of the lamasery at Kumbum are eight large monuments, which contain the ashes of eight Buddhas. Long years ago, at the beginning of the Ming dynasty, after hard fighting the Tibetans were driven back from Chinese territory, which they had overrun for hundreds of miles. When the victorious Chinese general reached Kumbum he sent for these eight Buddhas and said to them: "You can read the future. Can you tell me when you are going to die?" One of them, shrewd enough to understand the general's mind, said, "Tomorrow." "No," said the general; "it will be today." And it was.

Quite a number of temples and buildings make up the lamasery. The chief temple, which is dedicated to Tsong Kaba, the great reformer of Tibetan Buddhism, has a roof of gold, variously conjectured as being from one-eighth of an inch to half an inch thick. Inside is a large image of Tsong Kaba, said by some to be of gold, but it is probably overlaid with gold. The temple threshold is covered with planks, and we saw many poor deluded people prostrating themselves in worship there. Around the main building are many large prayer wheels, which are kept well on the turn by the devotees to obtain merit.—Christian Herald.

## Miseries of the Red Sea.

In the waters of the Red sea the cessation of the engines on a steamer for an hour means extreme physical suffering for passengers; for a day it would involve absolute torture. The wind which prevails every day is a hot, apoplexying blast, and its continuous directions are from north and south toward the center. As a result every passing vessel is subjected to two days of almost intolerable heat, followed by two days of comparative comfort, but instances have been known of crowded liners being compelled when traveling with the wind to turn round and stem back for an hour or so in order to give the passengers even a brief respite from the sufferings induced by the dull, dead, unbearable atmosphere.

## Must Try Something Else.

"I've planned a new cookbook for wives who take but a desultory interest in the kitchen."  
"What's your idea?"  
"Recipes will be sandwiched between short stories."

"That won't work. They won't read the recipes. Next to looking at the back of a book to see how a story ends the favorite occupation of the average feminine reader is skimming."  
—Birmingham Age-Herald.

## Some Reach.

Bacon—It is said a dinner table reaching around the earth sixteen times would be required if the inhabitants of the world sat down at a meal together. Egbert—Imagine yourself reaching for the butter!—Yonkers Statesman.

## Diplomatic.

Young Man—So Miss Ethel is your oldest sister. Who comes after her?  
Small Brother—Nobody ain't come yet, but pa says the first fellow that comes can have her.—Exchange.

## Too Rough.

"How did the girls' sparring match turn out?"  
"It was very brief. Mabel fainted and Gertrude fainted."—Exchange.

To please will always be the wish of the ambitious; to be admired the constant aim of ambition.—Dr. Johnson.

## The Horse Thief's Girl

By DONALD CHAMBERLIN

The human heart beats much the same among the good and the evil. This is a story of a girl, rough, uncouth, but an outlaw among outlaws, who made a sacrifice which, though in a bad cause, should entitle her to the name of heroine.

When the state of Colorado was a wild country, filled with wild people, a man there was who, starting under the title of road agent, degenerated to the condition of common horse thief. Human laws may be fabricated, but they do not originate by accident. In a new country a horse or a mule is an absolute essential. Consequently one who steals a horse is given the greatest of all punishments. While a man may deliberately shoot down another in the street or over a card table and not be called to an account, the man who steals a horse is strung up to a tree by the neck.

Ryan was the only name known for this person who had slid down so far in the scale of crime. He had become such a thorn in the side of the settlers of the region he worked that they decided to drop everything else to run him down. It was a long chase, but at last they got him in a gulch the sides of which were unscalable. The mouth of the gulch was guarded by the committee. If there was any egress they did not know it. There was an outlet for a good climber near the upper end of the gulch, but in order to escape by that route the fugitive would have to expose his body to the fire of any one in the center of the gulch.

While the settlers were laying their plans for the capture they were approached by the girl who has been mentioned above.

"Air y' lookin' for Ryan?" she asked. Since she might be interested in Ryan's safety, she received no positive reply.

"Cos if y' air I reckon I can help y' locate him. Look a here!"

She pulled up the sleeve of her calico dress and showed some shocking marks on her arm; then she lowered it at the back of the neck and showed more of them.

"Ryan giv' me these," she said in a bitter tone.

"Are you his wife?"

"In his gal. He came to our house one when a posse was chasin' him I hid him, and when he went away I went with him. And these scars air what I got for what I done for him. Do y' wonder I want to turn him in?"

The men of the committee looked at one another. This might be a case of a girl who had saved a desperado from death, had trusted herself to him and had received the reward that might have been expected from a hardened criminal. That she should desire revenge was not remarkable.

"Well, what do you propose?" said the leader of the committee.

"See that rock up there?"

"The one next the big tree?"

"Yes. He's goin' to hide till after dark and then climb up there and sit away. He's hidin' up near the head of the gulch. I'll go and tell him that y're comin' up to take him. That'll scare him so that he'll try to get over the rock by day. Y' kin shoot him when he's between y' and the skyline."

The committee held a consultation. Some declined to trust the girl; some did not like giving up hanging the man instead of shooting him. But they all wished to be through with the job and get back home. So they told the girl she might go ahead and tell Ryan the story. They would be ready to pick him off as soon as they got a clear view of him.

She went off the gulch muttering maledictions on the man who had returned evil for good. The men took position where they could get a good view of the rock and any one who attempted to climb it. There they waited, some one of their number keeping watch and his gun cocked ready for the execution.

About an hour after the girl had left they saw the figure of a man slowly climbing the rock. But it was indistinct and the man on guard preferred to wait till it passed over the upper edge of the rock when it would be between him and the light. Just as it landed on the summit it turned, looked down into the gulch and threw a kiss at some one there. The man of the committee who held his rifle to his shoulder fired, but the weapon was knocked up by one of the committee and the shot went skyward.

"It's the gal!" exclaimed the man who had interfered.

"You got durned fool, you've let the rascal escape. What makes you think it was the gal?"

"He'd never throw her a kiss like that even though he believed she'd saved him again, and it's just what she'd do if she was going to die for him. Spread yourselves over the mouth of the gulch. We'll get him yet."

And they did. His girl had intended to die that he might live, supposing that after she had been killed for him the committee would go home believing that they had killed the man they were after. Then the horse thief could walk out of the canyon in perfect safety. She had betrayed herself and him by a feminine act.

Before they hanged him they asked him to tell them about the girl who would have died for him without effect. He told the story, but did not seem to be especially impressed with the sacrifice she had made.

## WHY

Mufflers Are Necessary On All Automobiles

LET us consider the case of the muffler. The exhaust valve opens while the burned gas is still under a pressure of from twenty-five to thirty pounds per square inch. If this were exhausted directly into the air the resulting noise would stifle conversation in the car, annoy everybody along the street and very quickly get the driver into difficulty with the police. The muffler prevents all this. It provides a chamber in which these exhausted gases may expand and cool somewhat and at the same time breaks up the pressure by allowing it to leak out slowly through a number of very small holes instead of letting it loose in one "big noise."

In the early history of the automobile mufflers were not used, and everybody for blocks around knew when an auto was coming. As the automobiles increased in number this became a nuisance and was stopped by law. Then they sought a means of stifling the sound. In the early muffler there was trouble because the gas would back up in the cylinder and decrease the power of the motor. It was thought there was no way to decrease the sound without decreasing the power. Therefore the automobile manufacturers devised a valve to "cut out" the muffler on the car whenever extra power was desired. Sometimes the back pressure was so great as to interfere when driving through heavy roads or up hills. The "cut out" let the gas exhaust directly into the air instead of going through the muffler. At the present time nearly every city has a law prohibiting entirely the use of muffler "cut outs."

As a matter of fact, those well posted on automobile engines understand today that the "cut out" is absolutely unnecessary if the muffler is kept in proper condition. Muffler manufacturers have been able to produce a design with which there is no back pressure at all.

The average driver, however, does not know that his muffler needs as careful attention as any other part of the mechanism, and so he neglects it. In these days of noiseless cars it requires a great number of very small openings inside the muffler. These become clogged with soot or carbon from the exhaust. The deposit collects very rapidly, especially when the grade of the oil is poor or too much oil is used. It also results when the carburetor is adjusted to give too rich a mixture. When these small openings become clogged the exhaust gas cannot escape readily, and naturally the cylinder of the engine is not clean at the exhaust stroke. Result: It is impossible to bring in a full cylinder of new gas on the next intake stroke. There is not a full charge to explode, and this means a loss of power to the engine.

## How to Make Bechamel Sauce.

Put a tablespoonful of butter in a saucepan and as it melts add half an onion, chopped fine, and let it stew until tender, but do not let it brown. Mince two ounces of raw ham, add the ham and let it brown. Then add a stick of celery, chopped fine, and half a carrot, also chopped fine. Add a bunch of sweet herbs, chopped fine; two cloves and four allspices. Let all simmer gently for two minutes without browning. Then add half a pint of cream by degrees, but do not heat it. Stir until the whole is velvety. Strain and set on the fire for a few minutes to heat.

## HOW TO PICK OUT YOUR NEW "SPECK."

—If you find it difficult to thread a needle, if the printed page dances before your eyes, if you feel an inclination to avoid reading because it "makes you nervous," if your eyes are red rimmed or perhaps puffy looking after an evening of bridge, undoubtedly the time has come when you need glasses—not necessarily that badge of declining years, "sight glasses," but certainly the beneficent "rest glasses" which make so much difference in comfort and happiness and, if women did but realize it, in the condition of the nerves. "Rest glasses" take the strain off the eyes, make needlework and reading more enjoyable and incidentally help to put off the day when "sight glasses" will be needed. When you need "sight glasses" you will know it. No one will have to tell you that you can no longer read newspaper print—but there are dozens of women struggling along, straining their eyes over fine sewing and trying to read music in the light that always used to seem good enough over by the piano, who do not realize that inexpensive "rest glasses" would improve their spirits and their tempers. Nothing makes one nervous and irritable—even depressed and blue—like the need of help for the eyes. The straight bar of metal bisecting the nose makes the eyes look nearer together and imparts a hard, shrewd look to the face. The nose piece with an arch or curving over the nose seems to blend into the lines of the face and eyebrows, and glasses are not the first things one thinks of when gazing at that face.

## MOVED THE LOGGAN STONE.

Then He Had the Costly Job of Moving It Back Again.

Do you know what happens to the boatman who attempts to prove to the world that there is nothing in its pet superstitions? Did you ever hear the story of the British naval lieutenant who demonstrated the fact that there was nothing supernatural about the Loggan stone? Out there at the tip of Land's End, close to where the pirates of Penzance used to hold forth, the huge mass of rock rested on the top of the cliff, so delicately poised that a child could make it rock this way and that. A gust of wind would set it to vibrating, and yet for hundreds of years it had been believed that no earthly force could dislodge it from its position. Then along came the lieutenant, who laughed at all such silly superstition. He would prove to the deluded people of Cornwall that the Loggan stone could be dumped into the sea by the physical prowess of a few sturdy sailors.

Luckily for his position in the navy of his majesty, George IV., the lieutenant succeeded only in hurling the shrouded rock a little way down the cliff, where it lodged in a shelving crevice, for such a howl went up, not only from the guides and tavern people who made a living off of the tourists who came to see the quivering boulder, but from the antiquaries and scientists who believed that the rock had been delicately poised there by the druid priests or that it illustrated a little understood force of nature, that the admiral sent word to the captain's young officer that he would either restore the Loggan stone to its place or forfeit his. A derrick and a month's salary were requisitioned to set the stone in its place.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

## ANTIQUITY OF CHEESE.

The Bible Mentions It, as Do Homer and Other Early Writers.

Cheese and curdling of the milk are mentioned in the book of Job. David was sent by his father, Jesse, to carry ten cheeses to the camp and to look how his brother fared. The "cheese of king" formed part of the supplies of David's army at Mahanaim during the rebellion of Absalom.

Homer says that cheese formed part of the ample stores found by Ulysses in the cave of the Cyclops Polyphemus. Euripides, Theocritus and other early poets mention cheese. Lindolphus says that excellent cheese and butter were made by the ancient Ethiopians, and Strabo states that some of the ancient Britons were so ignorant that, though they had abundance of milk, they did not understand the art of making cheese.

There is no evidence that any of these ancient nations had discovered the use of rennet in making cheese. They appear to have merely allowed the milk to sour and subsequently to have formed the cheese from the caseous part of the milk after expelling the serum or whey.

As David when too young to carry arms was able to run to the camp with ten cheeses, ten loaves and an ephah of parched corn, the cheeses must have been very small.

## Wonderful Earrings.

The earrings of Biote, the daughter of Aristotle, which were found in Chalcis, where the young woman was buried, represented doves swinging in golden hoops. The miniature birds were marvelously wrought, the feathers of granulated gold, the wings and breasts enriched with bands of color supplied by inserted gems. Precious stones gleamed like tiny sparks for the eyes. Delicately device of all the tall feathers were so finely made and curiously adjusted as to move at the slightest motion of the pendant hoop, so that whenever the proud wearer should toss or shake her head her two attendant doves would seem to balance themselves upon their perches, as live birds do in swinging on a bough. They were found by exploring archaeologists.

## Overpowered.

"Are you sure you are strong enough to carry this trunk up three flights of stairs?" asked the maiden lady of the roustabout she had summoned.

"Sure, mum," he responded heartily.

"How much do I get out of it?"

"Why, if you don't break anything or spoil the walls I'll give you 10 cents."

"Sorry, mum, but I couldn't git away wid dat heavy trunk."

"Why, a minute ago you were sure you were strong enough."

"I was, but yer generosity has made me weak."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

## The Ancient Memory.

In the ancient time men's memories were much more powerful than they are today. The invention of printing necessarily weakened the memory. We can scarcely form an idea of what the memory must have been when it was exercised and cultivated as a thing of sole dependence.—New York American.

## Conquering the Cobra.

It has been known thousands of years that the dreaded deadly cobra, whose bite invariably and almost instantly causes death, may be easily paralyzed and tranced by a very slight finger squeeze around the back of its fearful neck.

## Frank.

"Ernest is awfully frank."

"Do you love him because he is frank?"

"No; because he is Ernest."

Gold weighs nearly twenty times as much as its own bulk in water.

## A LOVELORN MAID

By ETHEL HOLMES

"Well, I'll be jinged!"

Jack Merriman made this exclamation one morning after the postman had handed him a letter which stated that the writer was a girl of seventeen. She had met Jack and fallen in love with him. There were reasons why, even if he loved her, they could not be united, but she could not help giving him the knowledge that he was beloved by her. Not on any account would she write such a letter if there was the slightest chance of his finding out who she was. When his letter had been sent she believed she would be happier. At least she could the better bear her separation from him.

"I'll bet my old boots," he added after a little meditation, "that some girl with a passion for flirting has written that letter, and I'll bet my old shoes she cares no more for me than for a pumpkin. If this diagnosis of her case is correct she has given a clew to her identity, and I'm the fellow to find her out. When I do I shall endeavor to pay her off in her own coin."

Jack scrutinized the letter, heating it and subjecting it to various chemicals, but if there was any clew in the paper he did not find it. Then he took up the writing. He was a good deal of a lady killer and had numerous notes laid away from young women written in different hands, all the way from slanting acute angles to letters no larger than pin pricks. He compared the note he had received with these letters, but there was not one of them that furnished a clew to his modest lovelorn maiden.

After spending much time over the epistle that might have been better employed he gave up the hunt. Months passed. He forgot all about the poor girl who was nursing her grief in secret. Naturally enough, the time came when he chose a wife from among the innumerable throng of girls he knew. Miss Agnes Hartwell was her name, and Merriman looked upon her as one of the most sedate of the lot. He complained after they were engaged that he was obliged to do all the love making, to which she responded that this was as it should be. She had a poor opinion of a girl who angled for a man, and for one who would let a man know before he proposed that he would be accepted she had a supreme contempt.

But when Jack one evening told her about the maiden who was grieving for him and showed her the letter Agnes' kind heart seemed to be touched with pity. She declared that Jack should have persevered till he had found out who she was and given her at least the satisfaction of hearing from him that she was not blamed for telling him of a love that could not be gratified. So sympathetic was she with the modest maiden that Jack began to fear she would be impelled by her sympathy, aided by her conscience, to send him off with the injunction to find the secret maiden and insist upon marrying her, no matter what the objections might be.

Indeed, when Jack found that Agnes did not get over the matter he began to worry and regretted that he had said anything about the letter, especially since his fiancée blamed him for a want of perseverance in not following the matter further. Agnes said that if a girl loved a man well enough to write such a letter it would be impossible for her to refrain from giving him a clew. For her part, she would not think very much of a man who gave up a hunt so easily.

A lover is very sensitive to the opinion of his fiancée, and Jack began to think that if Agnes dwelt upon the matter long enough she would despise him. He made all the excuses he could think of, finally declaring that the reason he had not persevered was because he had even then been in love with Agnes. Whereupon she reminded him that at the time he received the letter he had no acquaintance with her.

It sometimes happens that the more a girl loves a man the more she is disposed to torment him. At any rate, it was so with Agnes in respect to Jack. They had the full complement of ticks usual to lovers, and whenever Agnes was disposed to be especially annoying she would declare that she would give him up to the poor girl "he had treated so badly." Jack couldn't see how he was to blame because a girl had confessed her love for him and given him no clew to her identity, but he was very much in love with Agnes and by this time had learned that if he wished to continue her fiancée he must not look for her promises and her conclusions to have any relation to each other.

Agnes kept Jack on tenterhooks till after their marriage. When they came home from the honeymoon he hoped that the poor girl who was languishing for him would be suffered to nourish her grief without his wife's continually reminding him of her. One day when he told Agnes that he was going to abandon something he had undertaken because the game was not worth the candle she said to him:

"That's just like you. You have no perseverance. That letter you received was the simplest problem in the world. If you had looked at the first (capital) letter of every sentence you would have seen that it spelled her name."

Jack ran to a desk where he kept the letter and got it out at once. The first letter of each sentence spelled Agnes.

## HOW TO PREVENT THE SPREAD OF INFANTILE PARALYSIS.

—Dr. C. Boland, director of public education of the New York city health department, and Dr. Simon Flexner, director of the Rockefeller Institute, explained how to detect symptoms of infantile paralysis and how to ward off the disease and prevent its spread.

The first symptoms are fever, bowel disturbances, headache and irritability.

After a few hours pains develop, usually in the lower part of the legs and in the feet.

Sometimes there are also pains in the region of the spine, in the arms and neck—stiff neck.

Within twelve hours the patient is unable to move his arms or legs and sometimes cannot talk. Vomiting, delirium, twitches and convulsions accompany the progress of the disease.

A temperature of from 100 to 106 degrees lasts two or three days.

Sometimes, but rarely, the patient has chills, sore throat and skin eruptions.

Health is no protection. Often children go to bed apparently well and awake in the night with the first symptoms and are partly paralyzed by morning.

Cleanliness is the only known preventive.

The isolation of children in the house is next in importance.

Have children wash their hands and faces often.

Avoid buying candy, ice cream and fruits which are eaten without being cooked from peddlers and storekeepers who are not careful of their wares.

Don't kiss children on their mouths.

Keep their noses clean. This applies especially to young babies.

Don't cough in their faces.

Protect them from flies.

The germs of this disease, which are so small that they cannot be seen with microscopes and which pass through germ filters, almost always enter the bodies of their victims through the mucous membranes of the nose and throat.

Keep children away from their mates in the streets or at moving picture shows.

Report all cases at once to the board of health, so that the city's doctors can immediately investigate and remove the patients to hospitals.

Adults are not free from the disease. If your hands are dirty or if you are not careful about the preparation of your children's food, remember that you can give your little ones the disease as readily as can outsiders.

## THOSE SKEETS!

Why We Must Take Care of Castoff Tin Cans.

In connection with one health department campaign for the elimination of the mosquito it has been suggested that every housewife should punch a hole in the bottom of a tin can after the contents have been removed and before throwing it into the rubbish heap. The family tack hammer or ice pick may be used satisfactorily to punch the hole. In the opinion of one expert this practice would prevent lots of mosquito breeding which is now going on in empty tin cans, which collect stagnant water.

It is stated on authority that a tin can half filled with stagnant water will easily breed over 200 mosquitoes. Old bottles and broken crockery are also a prolific source of mosquito breeding.

In many towns and cities the small boys have been put at the task of punching holes in all discarded tin cans in back yards and vacant lots and smashing all old bottles and broken crockery found on the rubbish heap.

## BRITTLE FINGER NAILS.

How to Care For Your Finger Nails So They Will Not Break Off.

The best remedy for brittle nails is oil, and plenty of it. Soak the finger tips for five or ten minutes every night in warmed sweet almond oil.

When the surface of the nail shows ridges and there is a general appearance of coarseness apply grease about the edges whenever possible. Cleanse the nails with grease instead of using soap or nailbrush. It will produce a satinylike appearance and the tinge of pink that is so desirable.

Many women use cold cream about their nails, but vaseline is better. After soaking the finger tips in the almond oil take an orange stick and fill the cuticle with vaseline. The superfluous grease may be removed with a piece of chamolai or absorbent cotton.

How to Remove Rust From Various Necessary Articles.

Rusted ironware or articles may be cleaned by smearing thickly with unslanted lard, then covering with powdered quicklime and being left for several hours. It is best to do this at night, and in the morning wash off with hot water and washing soda. Use a cloth tied to a stick or sink brush for the purpose, thus avoiding danger of getting rust on the hands.

If a pen rusts in its holder soak it in oil. It will soon loosen enough to be removed without damage.